

My Dear

Tha Alkaholiks

My dear my dear my dear
you do not know me but I know you very well
So let me tell you bout the feelings I have for you

Listen - it was a quarter past, one - the lights went, low
Everybody know the Likwid Crew's about to flow
At an Alkaholiks everybody go bananas
Niggaz slammin in the pit, bitches poppin off the cameras
Any mic you hand us Likwid niggaz make us killers
So we rock the motherfucker now we back stage - ILLIN
Still in, my wet ass clothes, strikin a pose
Niggaz askin who's (?) nigga, mind yo' rolls
I'm peepin out the hoes turnin up a forty ounce
All y'all women y'all can stay but all y'all niggaz gotta bounce
I looked across the room and seen this girl about to leave
Pretty face big titties weave hangin to her sleeve
Please believe I rushed her, Tash he on attack
Gave that bitch a oo-OOP, the bitch looked back
I let her hit my cognac, she got buzzed and started wobblin
I asked her what she do, she said videos and modelin

You don't know me, I bone you send you home feelin lonely
You always say, "Defari - how come you never hold me? (How come)
How come we don't go out so I can be your best homie?"
Cause I just wanna FUCK; you too god damn nosey
Play your position, no games, no pretendin
Don't act like you on top when you not badder than these women (nope)
Think you a Queen, when you really my (?)
Always listen to you talk, but me, never sharing
And if I'm sharing never vital information
cause you'd probably snitch you bitch in a vital situation
Now you want my government to floss when you runnin with
your homegirls - stupid, it's a cold world
I'ma keep it pimpin like Goldie and that nigga Slim
Alkaholiks, J-Ro, Tash, E-Swift be them
But you don't know me yet and still you wanna blow me
Bust a nut, uh-huh, okay, whassup? Shut up!

You don't know me you don't know me you don't own me always on me
Tellin me to drop my forty when I'm chillin with my brodie
While I got the mic I'd like to tell you that you ain't my type
Because my dear you don't, have the common sense to see the light
My tastes vary; from rats to bitches niggaz wanna marry
You won't share me but you say my baby you will carry
You done went insane, callin me by my name; like
"Whassup J?" Girl you oughta be shamed
Call me J-Ro, or Daddy, you bad you mistaken
if you thought you had me, twisted like a bad knee
Type of cat that won't call you back, make you bring me cognac
And a whole zone of that, hop yo' ass out my lap
Fuck out, you gotta go, quit runnin yo' mouth
You good for nothin but, layin yo' ass all on my couch
It's cold outside, but you still gotta be out
Get out my doorway girl, you lettin all my heat out
.. and that's real

"My dear my dear my dear you do not know me but I know you very well

Now let me tell you bout the feelings I have for you"